

# Puck

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UNCLE SAM'S SUMMER GIRL FOR '95.



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#### AN UNPLEASANT SIGHT.

MISS NEWCOMER (*entering the office of the "Hawville Clarion"*).  
— Can I see the editor?

OFFICE BOY. — I s'pose you *can* see him, Mom, if you insist on it; but I don't think you'd enjoy it much. You see, some of his subscribers tarred-and-feathered him last night, and he hain't been able to git more 'n half of it off yet.

#### ON A HOTEL VERANDAH.

THE GLASSY river 's in a dream beneath the spreading trees,  
The skiff is pulled upon the bank, the reeds forget to sigh;  
The smiling skies look hotly down upon the beer and cheese  
That make us not as happy as a linen butterfly.

There is no breeze to fan the brow, the tree-toad 's piping shrill,  
The bicyclers are flying by and raise great clouds of dust;  
The tennis court is empty, the piano 's never still,  
The prospect and surroundings fill our visions with disgust.

Far from this Summer paradise then let us quickly fly!  
Come, let us in the noisy town renew our happy youth;  
The lily on the mud bank is a blooming snow-white lie,  
The 'skeeter on the winglet is a very lively truth.

Come, let us seek the city, with its noisy rat-tat-tat,  
High in the clouds of heaven, in the busy mart remote,  
There are flowers in the soap-box at the window of the flat  
Which, opened at each end, is like a breezy ferry-boat.

We'll stretch upon the divan, and berate the spreading elm,  
And ridicule the hollyhock that 's busting in the sun,  
Or climb unto the roof and linger in the starry realm,  
With music and with steamer chair when all the day is done.

Then, if we 'd know the joys of life that in the hills entrance,  
And all the rosy poetry that lingers in the dell,  
We 'll find it in the papers in the colors of romance  
So bright in the prospectus of the mountain-top hotel.

R. K. Munkittrick.

#### A DETAIL OF TO-DAY.

She glanced at him carelessly, but not unkindly.

"You must stay in this evening, John; your cooking-class must do without you. I need your services while I fit my new walking-costume."

"But—"

The husband of the new woman faltered.

"— did— did— did n't you have a dress-form for such purposes?"

"Dress form? —"

She froze him with a glance.

"You forget yourself!"

But he remembered as he donned them, unfinished as they were, and stood for half an hour while she debated as to whether they were to be worn this Fall baggy at the knees.

#### A COACHING CLUB—The Pedagogue's Rattan.

"POOR DEVILS"—Those callow chappies who lisp their burlesque, fearsome wickedness to each other.

#### A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT—Pulling On a New Glove.



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#### UNNECESSARY EXPOSURE.

The Colonel's fair companion was listening with almost breathless interest to his account of how he had been caught in the forest in a thunder storm of unusual severity. His description was so vivid that she could fairly hear the thunder crashing and see the lightning flashing. He continued: "And amidst this warring of the elements I shrunk closer and closer to the tree under which I stood, expecting every moment that it would be the first to be struck. I felt fear for the first time in my life."

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed, interrupting him. "But why did n't you run to some other tree?"





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PLAUSIBLE.

UNCLE SILAS.—Wal, by Cracky! That there gal 's lost off her dress in a accident. an' now she 's gittin' back hum in a pair o' them fash'nable sleeves!

AS HE SAW IT.



ND THESE —"

The traveler marked the dreamy languor of the scene, the coral beach, the waving palms —

"Are the Society Islands?"

The chattering of a parrot broke loud upon the stillness.

"Queer name, but —"

He saw, for the first time, the approaching bevy of dusky belles radiant in their beauty unadorned —

"It is not at all inappropriate."

And there, amid the tropical splendors of the South Sea, his fancy drifted back to opera nights in the land from whence he came.

A PECULIAR MAN.

BROWN.—Don't you think Smith is an exceptionally modest man?

JONES.—Yes, indeed. I never heard him claim that his rheumatism was the worst on record.

VARIED GENEROSITY.

Although she had a gift, as people said,  
A generous gift of song from Nature free,  
Her dear Papa with rage fell nearly dead  
At finding each short lesson cost a V.

"I HAVE SUFFERED all the pains of martyrdom with my appetite for drink."

"But martyrs were burned at the stake."

"Well, I've often been dry enough to burn."

ABOUT THE highest sensation that can come to us after an eloquent piece of word-painting is the cool conviction that the thing could n't have happened.

A BLACKLY-INKED blotting paper is as much the sign of industry as patched knees or horny hands.

A LOT OF TROUBLE.

LOTTIE.—It's a very inconvenient custom to wear the engagement ring on the third finger of the left hand.

KITTIE.—Why? What difference does it make?

LOTTIE.—Because it's so hard to learn to use your left instead of your right hand.

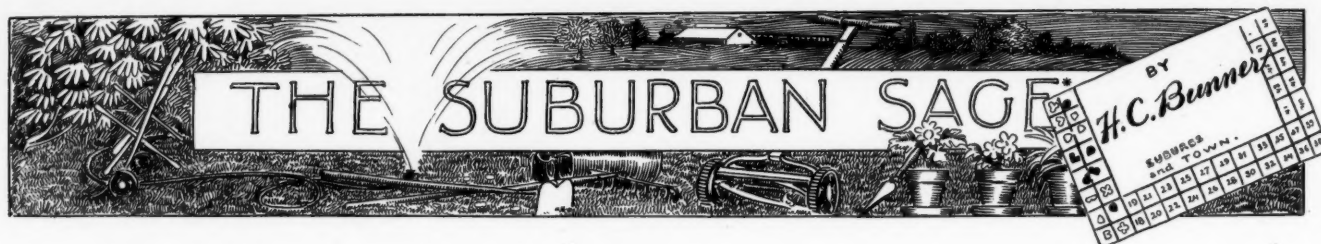


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DEEP.

THE STOUT ONE.—I'm chilled to the bone.

THE SLIM ONE.—You must have been in an awful long while!



## STRAY NOTES AND COMMENTS ON HIS SIMPLE LIFE.

## VII.

## THE POINTERS.

ON SUMMER SATURDAYS the Suburbanite hastens from town on the midday train; and Mrs. Suburbanite arrays herself in cool and dainty garments and goes out on the lawn to meet him. On other days of the week, when he comes home just in time for dinner, she meets him in the front hall and says: "Oh, is that you, dear? Hurry up and get ready for dinner, please, for your train is late to-night." But on Saturday she goes out on the lawn and says: "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come! I was so afraid you would n't get the train." I don't know what makes the difference, but I suspect that there is a good deal of swivel silk and French hat and fancy tan shoes about it.

And pretty soon the Suburbanite gets into his Summer bravery of white flannel and colored shirt, and, standing with Mrs. Suburbanite on his front steps, he looks up and down the pleasant street, comparing his lawn with his neighbor's. According to suburban etiquette, he must always praise his neighbor's lawn and speak slightly of his own; but in his heart of hearts he believes that his own is the best in sight. From this harmless and gratifying amusement he is startled by his wife's indignant voice.

"Oh, Henry!" she cries; "there's a lot of those horrid Pointers coming up the road. They must have come out on the train with you."

"Gad!" said Henry, in deep disgust; "look at the pair of them over the way!"

On the walk at the opposite side of the street two people are slowly passing—a man and a woman. Though their dress proclaims them from the city, they loiter and gawk like country folk; and they stare at everything they see about them like people wandering through a wax-work show. The stare is sufficiently frank and undisguised and contemptuously careless enough to irritate a hippopotamus if it were directed at the thickest spot on his hide.

But the stare is forgotten—wiped into oblivion by what comes next. The male person of the pair extends his arm, points his forefinger straight in the direction of the modest front porch of Mr. and Mrs. Suburbanite, and demands of his companion:

"There; how do you like that one?"

The female person gives one brief glance in the direction indicated, and then replies in ringing tones of contempt:

"I think it's perfectly hideous! I would n't live in it if you gave it to me. Why, the little one with the red roof is better than that."

They pass on down the street; but even when they have got as far as the corner their conversation is still audible to Mr. and Mrs. Suburbanite. The female person inquires in loud but languid tones:

"I wonder what sort of people live in a town like this, anyhow?" and the male responds, in clear and vigorous tones:

"Oh, pretty devilish common, I should think."

Is it really possible that there are such people in the civilized world? Oh, yes; there are plenty of them, and they are not bad people at all. Indeed, they are not, at home, rude people, even. In the city they would never think of pointing their forefingers at a man's front door, and commenting upon the appearance of his dwelling in any way that would attract his attention,—nor do they mean to do so now and here. The unfamiliar scene, the novel distances, the sense of a wholly unfamiliar mode of life—all

these things make them feel as though they were walking in a world in which they had no part, and they hardly feel at the first as if it were just as real an every-day life as their own. And then, the silence of the country cheats them into talking loudly, as it does every one.

For the rest, their intent is not at all offensive. They are simply "Pointers"—a married couple of moderate means, who, having some idea that they may, at some time, be obliged to move from the city to the country, have come out to look about them and see how they would like it on the whole.

It is all a matter of speculative unreality to them, and they no more think that they are seen and heard in their finger-pointing and too frank criticism than—well, than you did, my dear Mr. Urban, when you did pretty much the same thing in a university town in Holland, where every second man on the street spoke English quite as well as you did.

The Pointer has all seasons for his own. He has been known to make his explorations in midwinter, and I have encountered one cheerful soul who never went house-hunting in the country except on a day of genuinely mean rainy or snowy weather. He said that if you could see anything to like in a suburban town under such conditions, it must be a pretty good town when you came to try it dry and comfortable. That man, I believe, is still living in town. But, of course, late Spring, early Summer, and the first of the Fall are the chosen times of the Pointer—especially if he is a Pointer of limited means. It is always pleasant to take an afternoon stroll through a pretty country town; and this luxury the Pointer may enjoy at no greater cost than the railway fare for himself and his wife. For, if they arrive in the morning, they generally bring their luncheon with them in a paste-board box, and eat it in the railway station, to the great disgust of the station agent. That is, they do this when they are new beginners at the pointing game—Greenpointers, so to speak. Afterward they advance in knowledge of the possibilities of the game. And, after they have had their first free ride in a real estate agent's carriage, they begin to see that there is something more in the pastime of pointing than trailing aimlessly around on foot and staring at the outside of other people's homes—or else, peeping furtively into the dismal interiors of empty houses. There are free rides in it; cakes and ale in it, free, too; and, more than this, there is consideration and respect and even deference and delicate flattery—undeserved, it is true; unearned, enjoyed only for a brief hour, and then on false pretenses—but sweet, sweet, on the tongue while the taste lasts.

For, sooner or later, there comes a Friday afternoon when the Pointer climbs to his airy flat with a lightsome step and a beaming countenance.

"My dear," he says to his wife, "we'll go and look at some out-of-town houses to-morrow, but this time we'll go in style. I've struck a real estate man downtown, a man who's interested in property at Howsonlotville, and he's going to take us out to see the place.

It won't cost us even our fares; he puts up for everything, and when we get there he blows us off to luncheon at his own house, and in the afternoon he drives us all around, and shows us all there is to be seen. Great scheme, is n't it?"

"But, my dear," timidly remonstrates his wife, "is it quite right, do you think? You know we have n't the least idea of going to Howsonlotville





to live, and would n't it be, somehow, like getting a good time on false pretenses?"

Then the Pointer explains to his wife that women don't know the first thing about business. This is entirely a matter of business with the real estate man. He takes such chances right along in the hope of getting his property known. It is simply an advertisement of his business—nothing else—just the way the grocer sends you a sample cake of soap or a can of some new brand of baking powder. And in the end, of course, she says she supposes that he knows best.

From that day on their doom is sealed. A new era dawns for them. They travel out to Howsonlotville on the family ticket of the agent of the great Howsonlot estate. They accept of the agent's hospitable board, eat the excellent luncheon he has provided, show a refined appreciation of his good wine; talk casually and carelessly of their rich relations, and make incidental mention of horses they have owned. In the afternoon, perched high and proud on the agent's drag, they look down with a feeling of infinite satisfaction upon the less experienced

Pointers wandering about on foot and unattended. Then they go and look at a house which they never in the world could afford to take; and condescendingly promise to give its merits their kind consideration over Sunday. This is not entirely duplicity; it sometimes takes quite a while to trump up an insuperable objection to a pretty good house.

Once embarked in this fascinating game, the true Pointer never tires of pitting his ingenuity and evasive skill against the cunning of the real estate agent. Of course

the ultimate fate of every gambler lies ahead of him. For a longer or shorter time he may enjoy free luncheons, free drives, and all the consideration which the real estate operator keeps on tap for his victims until he has them safe. But, be it soon or late, the day will surely come when he is cornered, when the compromising word is said, when he sees his name on an innocent-looking "memorandum of agreement"—and then it is all over before he knows it. The fatal Deed and the ravenous Bond and Mortgage are signed, sealed and delivered; his bridges are burnt behind him, he stands trembling and apprehensive at the beginning of a new life; and the Pointer has become the last thing that he ever meant to be—a Suburbanite.

#### MUCH SIMPLER.

"I wish I had lived in the Middle Ages."

"More romantic, eh?"

"No; I don't care for that; but then all you had to do was to go around killing and be killed, and you did n't have to decide whether or not women should vote."

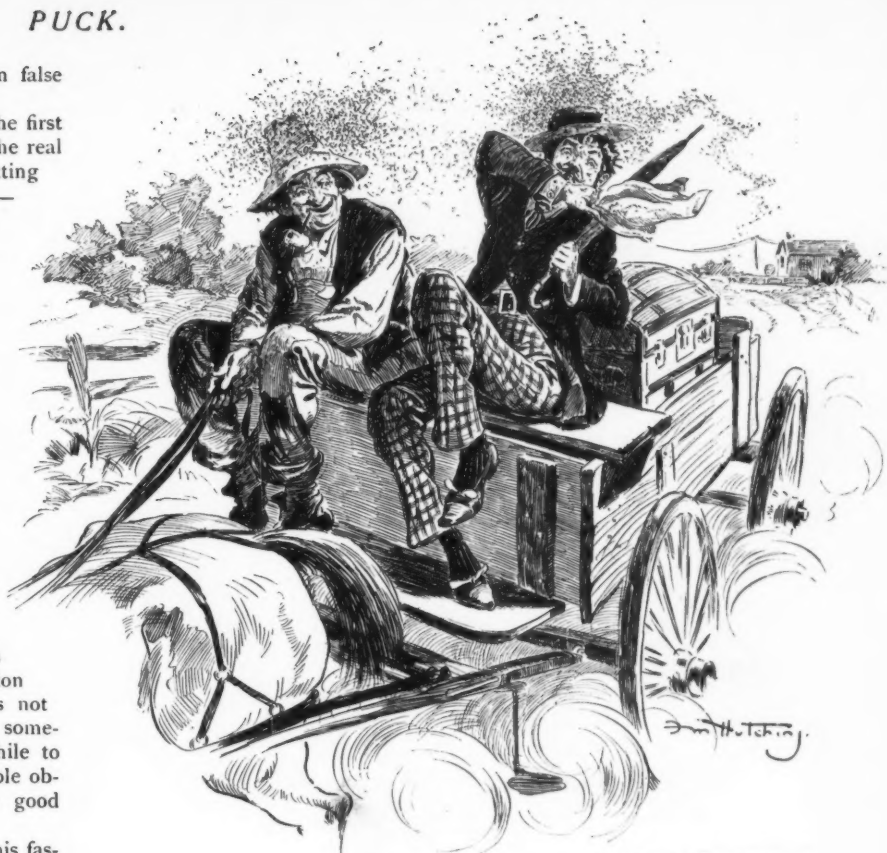
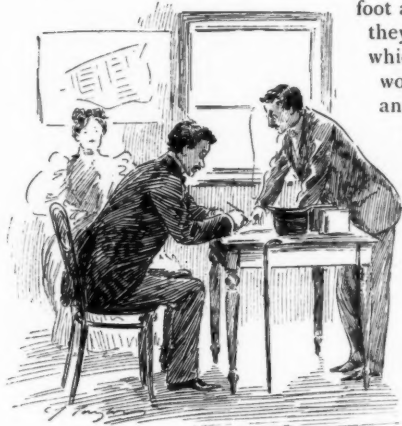
WHAT MAN has done, the new woman thinks she can do.

PREACHER, ONE word: You can not convert a sinner by cussing his vices.

NO MAN is a hero to his lawyer.

TIME is money. "Next week" is free silver.

THE COUNTRY is full of people who would be willing to be right if they could be President.



#### TOLD THE TRUTH.

BOARDER (from the city).—You wrote me you were never bothered by mosquitos; and they have nearly stung me to death before I've been here five minutes.

FARMER.—I did n't say anything 'bout 'em botherin' you, did I? I said they never bothered me, and they don't; I'm use' to 'em.

#### THE ADDED INJURY.

"And now," said the farmer, as, after the search of his colored fellow-citizen's cottage, he found his confiscated chickens, "now I can again recoup my loss."

But to the saddened colored man and brother, these remarks added nothing to the mental misery he had already undergone.

#### GETTING AT IT?

He stuck his head in at the office door, and said:

"Oi do be luckin' fer Misther McMur-rdew."

"What 's that?"

"Oi do be a-luckin' fer Misther MickMur-r-r-doo-oo."

"You 're looking, you say?"

"Yis, sorr; fer Misther-a Mick Mur-r-doo."

"You 're looking for Mr. MickMur-r-r-r-doo-ooo?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Oh, well, what 's his name?"



#### OUT OF REACH.

HOBSON (to DOBSON, whom he meets coming away from ticket window, very red in the face).—Why, what is the matter, Dobson? You look angry.

DOBSON (between his teeth).—Angry? I'm just boiling over! but I now know why they keep these ticket-sellers behind iron bars.

HOBSON.—You do know? Why is it?

DOBSON (clenching his fist).—Why, to keep the people to whom they give their white-livered impudence from knocking their blankety-blank heads off their shoulders!

VIRTUE is its own reward, — like reform politics.

ROUNDER.—What is your favorite drink?

OLD SOAK.—The next one.

THE SPOONBILL's an aquatic bird, And now beside the sea they woo Like Summer Man and Summer Girl, With whom it's all spoon, bill and coo.

AWAY WITH THEM!



AWAY with charms that tempt in vain!  
Green, shadowy wood, and winding lane;  
Away with meads, and fragrant leas,  
With butterflies and birds and bees!  
Away with her I love, whose eyes  
Draw from me my sad heart in sighs!  
Away with her sweet wiles! I say,  
With all these things, away, away!  
Away with them! — because, you see,  
Away with them, I'd like to be!

Madeline S. Bridges.

MARRIAGE is too often the alarm clock which puts an end to love's young dream.

TOO MANY men think they are known only by the company they get caught in.

IS MARRIAGE a failure? No; it's a howling success.



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BETTER EQUIPPED.

SHE. — I never saw anything like you men. You shiver from the time you go into the water until you come out. You never see women do that.

HE. — No; but the women have shoes and stockings on and men have n't.

STILL HABITABLE.

MR. GILES. — Hallo, Sol! where are you for the Summer?

SOLOMON SELLEMSKI. — At Auverne.

MR. GILES. — I hear it is a nice place. Are there any Christians there?

SOLOMON SELLEMSKI. — A few; — but not enough to become a nuisance.

SUSPECTED THE OLD TRICK.

AUNT JEMIMA (entertaining her nephew from the city). — I see, Henry, by the looks of the bible I left in your room, that you have been reading it.

HENRY. — Yes; I did n't know but you might have slipped a ten-dollar bill between the leaves.

THE OFFICE AND THE MAN.

LEA. — What position is it De Ruyter has accepted on that country paper he's gone to work for in the backwoods?

PERRINS. — City Editor.



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AT LAST.

FARMER WHETROCK (flinging down his newspaper). — Hooraw, Debby! Flyin' machines have been perfected at last!

MRS. WHETROCK. — Do tell, Jason!

FARMER WHETROCK. — Yes, sirree! I've jest been readin' the advertisement of an excursion on the Air Line!

MINISTERS in the M. E. Church are not permitted to use tobacco in any form. Holy Smoke!

THE MODISTE made her round and plump  
Until she was a dream  
Of loveliness; and that's the art  
Of dress reform supreme.



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COLLATERAL.

FATHER. — If you marry my daughter, sir, you've got to dress a great deal better than you do now.

SUITOR. — Then will you give your consent in writing?

FATHER. — What for?

SUITOR. — I want to show it to my tailor.





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Wednesday, August 21st, 1895. — No. 963.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### ON RESPECT FOR DELEGATED AUTHORITY.

PATIENCE is said to be the latest of virtues that men learn. It seems certainly to be one of the hardest of the civic virtues for a free people to acquire. The reason of this is obvious enough in a way. When a populace can say to its rulers, "We made you, and we can unmake you — and what we have done we can undo at our own will" — it is not unnatural that the sense of power should excite and even intoxicate. Take such a people, long restive under a burden of misgovernment; let them once arouse themselves to the point of throwing off their burden, at the cost of a long and arduous struggle. Suppose them to have put in the place of their deposed rulers a body of men selected particularly for their purity and strength of character, and for their patriotic willingness to serve the body politic for good ends. Suppose that these new incumbents in office find themselves confronted with problems of government greater in magnitude than they had foreseen or prepared themselves for. Suppose that they find themselves forced to experiment, to advance tentatively, to choose almost blindly between two or more untried courses. Suppose that they find themselves obliged to take chances; and to rely for ultimate success in the service of the people on their courage, their persistence and their conscious integrity of purpose. And suppose that the course they take at the first serves to bring forcibly, practically, tangibly and visibly before the people the size and seriousness of the work that they have to do, and the darkness of the doubt in which they must begin the doing of it — and, suppose, furthermore, that in the first stages of their progress they are compelled to call the people to a sense of their general responsibility; and to show them that the public burden can never be wholly shifted from the general to the particular shoulder — why, what do you expect of this combination of circumstances among a people who have always enjoyed so much civic freedom that they have sometimes grown to be in danger of holding it too cheap?

You must expect bewilderment, doubt and disappointment; you must expect grumbling, sneers and hasty criticism. You must expect even the passionate, hot-headed revulsion of feeling that impels the citizen to say to the ruler to whom he has delegated authority: "I put you here to do certain work — not to learn how to do it — not to invite me to help you to do it — but to *do* it. If you can do it no better than this; if I must help my servant to do his work, after I have clothed him with power and honor — go! and I will put another in your place. Even the one that came before you was better than you, for at least he did what he did without asking my direction. If this is Reform, let me reform Reform!" All this, let us frankly admit, is natural enough under the circumstances; and quite to be expected, whether the order of things that irritates the citizen be the lax enforcement of a sumptuary law in Brooklyn or its radically strict enforcement in New York. But, good, well-minded and well-meaning fellow-citizens of both municipalities, have we not suffered enough in all these long years of misgovernment and retarded development, to be willing to give the good men we have just put in office at least a little portion of the time we accorded their predecessors in which to learn their hard and toilsome business? We can not expect them to be wise all at once; and if they find it necessary to bring it somewhat sharply home to us that we are no more wise than they, would it not be best for us to help them rather than hinder them; and, instead of scolding them and threatening them with dismissal, to give them our loyal and earnest help to the best of our intelligence in solving the vexed and complicated problems that they are facing; and in bearing the share of manly citizens in that great work of honest government which is only begun at the polls, and must be carried on and finished — if it ever is finished — through long years of patient and constant endeavor?

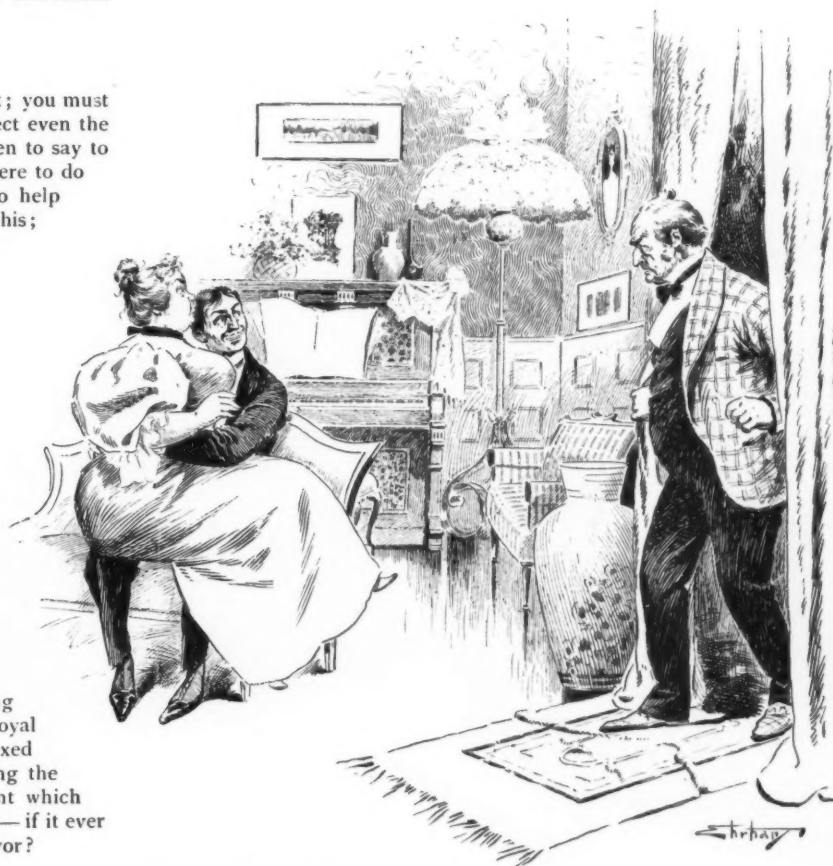
### "A CONDITION, NOT A THEORY."

SIX MONTHS ago the economic theorist stalked abroad in the land and spouted his doctrines tirelessly. There was but one way to bring back good times, he averred, and that was: to establish whatever economic or

financial system he happened to be "rooting" for, — the free coinage of silver, the restoration of the McKinley tariff, the single tax, the Government ownership of everything worth owning, or something else equally radical. He did not preach to emptiness, but to a multitude listening respectfully; for, when the multitude is pinched in its pockets it pays earnest attention to any plan for relief. The free silver plan of salvation seemed to win the most converts, probably because its promises were more alluring than those of any other. There is something really fascinating in the idea of making every one twice as rich as he is by a simple act of Congress. It appeals as strongly to the man with a dollar as to the man with a million of them. The silver evangelists pointed to the eager crowds that hung upon their words, and their daily prediction that they would sweep the country did not seem so wild, after all. But this was six months ago. Times have come good again, and now the Silverite preaches to empty benches, for the multitude is busy getting in bountiful crops, hiring all the labor it can find to keep up with the orders for its merchandise, working overtime at increased wages, and putting its savings in the bank. The silver question and all the other questions are still as far as ever from being settled, but the vitality has gone out of them, because they are active only in a time of business depression, strikes, lock-outs and reductions. The man who demanded the free coinage of silver six months ago is not yet convinced, perhaps, that free silver would be a national calamity. He is simply too busy to think or talk any more about it. Good times, the Silverite will contend, is not a logical answer to his argument, and perhaps he is right; but it surely takes his argument away from him, and that is an answer that is crushing and final, even if it is illogical. And it will have to suffice so long as the average citizen refuses to indulge in pure reason for its own sake, and allows himself to be swayed by false prophets every time he gets hard up. There may be no logic in an appetizing beefsteak, but hungry men find it an answer to all pessimists from Schopenhauer down. And so the multitude answers the Silverites and all the other calamity howlers: "your theories are splendid when hard times reduce us to theorizing, but a condition confronts us now and we must drop your theories to meet it; and that condition is Prosperity."

### A TAURINE OBSERVATION.

There is one thing we know full well  
As we lean upon Wisdom's staff: —  
The Wall-Street bull, in a certain sense,  
Is the dad of the golden calf.



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### HE COULD STAND IT.

FATHER (entering unexpectedly). — Look here, young man! You are taking a great deal on yourself, I think.

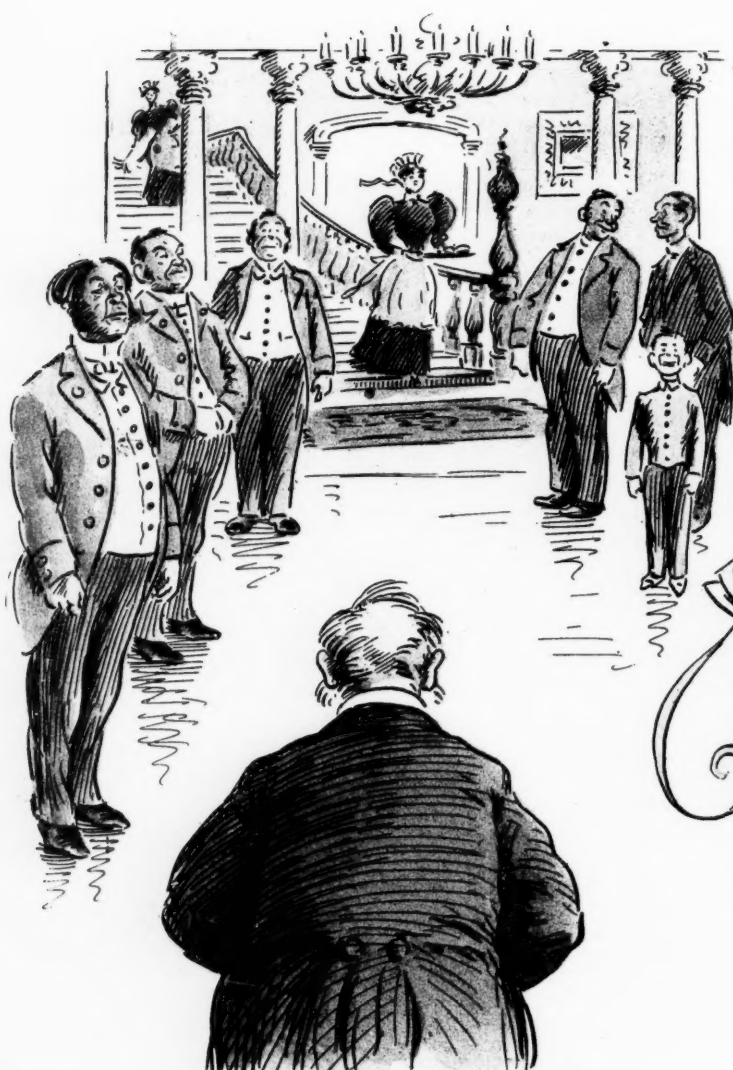
THE YOUNG MAN (unabashed). — Yes, I know, sir; but what does weight count when one is in love?



He and his wife began married life with love in a cottage; — they still keep it up, but his wife's ideas of cottages have changed since then.



When  
of clothes  
a month.



In his early housekeeping his wife considered their one servant a luxury; — now she considers a whole houseful a necessity.

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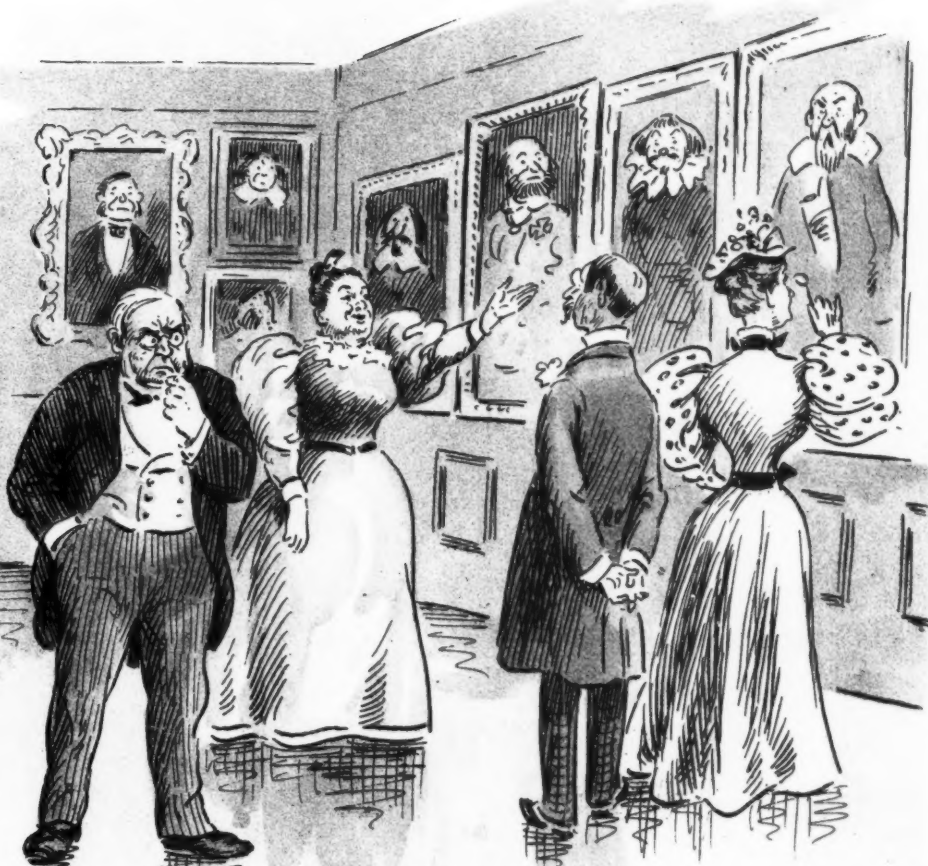


He worked hard to rise in the world; but now that  
rise, too, he has to work harder than ever.





When a young man he got along on two suits of clothes a year;—his son gets along on two suits a month.



He worked his way up with the help of his own abilities;—now his wife is trying to work the family up with the help of a lot of recently-discovered ancestors.



In humbler days he and his wife would entertain one or two friends occasionally;—now she wants to entertain the whole "Four Hundred."

but now that the family is bound to

AND HE HAS TO PAY THE FREIGHT.

## PAPER BOOK OF APPELLANT.

ISAAC LOVELEFT, *Appellant*,  
*vs.*  
 MARIAN MARRYABLE, *Appellee*.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF CUPID.  
 No. 9164083693674958671 EON TERM.

## I.

## NAMES OF THE PARTIES AND THE FORM OF ACTION.

ISAAC LOVELEFT } IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF  
*vs.* } SEASHORE.  
 MARIAN MARRYABLE. } NO. 531. AUGUST VACATION.

## II.

## ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS, SHOWING THE ISSUE AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

1894, AUGUST 6th, INTRODUCTION OF PLAINTIFF TO DEFENDANT.  
 1894, AUGUST 13th, DECLARATION OF PLAINTIFF.  
 1894, AUGUST 13th, DEFENDANT MOVES FOR CONTINUANCE.  
 1894, AUGUST 14th, PLEADINGS.  
 1894, AUGUST 15th, }  
 1894, AUGUST 16th, } UT SUPRA.  
 1894, AUGUST 17th, }

## III.

## JUDGEMENT AND SUBSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS.

1894, AUGUST 18th, PLAINTIFF NONSUITED.  
 SAME DAY PLAINTIFF MOVES FOR A NEW TRIAL.  
 SAME DAY MOTION DISCHARGED.

## IV.

## HISTORY OF THE CASE.

ISAAC LOVELEFT, the plaintiff and appellant in this case, is employed as a clerk in the well-known dry-goods house of Ninety and Nine. In August of the year A. D. 1894, he spent his vacation at the famous watering-place and Summer resort Seashore. On the evening of the day of his arrival he was introduced to Miss Marryable, the defendant and appellee in this case. As the number of men at that time at the said Seashore was limited — to one beside the said plaintiff, and he a cripple, — and, as the said plaintiff is an excellent dancer, and otherwise an agreeable companion, he at once became a favorite, and was in constant demand amongst the young ladies then at the aforesaid Seashore. Feeling from the first, however, attracted by the said Marian Marryable, the defendant, the greatest part of his, the said plaintiff's, time was spent in her, the said defendant's, society. She, the said defendant, seemed at no time averse to this intimacy with the said plaintiff, but, on the contrary, frequently evinced that it was a pleasure to her, the said defendant. A reference to the proceedings in this suit will show the progress of events. It is sufficient here to state that the said Isaac Loveleft, having received great encouragement from the said defendant, having had the foresight to provide himself, before leaving the city, with a ring suitable in every way for betrothal, and, having ascertained from a reliable source that the parents of the said defendant were very wealthy and otherwise desirable as quasi-parents, did, on the thirteenth day of August, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and ninety-four, formally and in set terms offer his, the said plaintiff's, heart and hand to the said defendant; and, furthermore, did specifically propose a marriage, or nuptial contract, between him, the said plaintiff, and the said defendant. Thereupon, as a reference to the proceedings in this suit will show, the said Marian Marryable did temporize until, on the last day of the said plaintiff's vacation, the said defendant did formally and in set terms refuse to hold any further intercourse with the said plaintiff except in the position and capacity of a sister to him, the said plaintiff.

## V.

## BRIEF OF ARGUMENT.

The said plaintiff, having fallen in love at first sight, unquestionably deserves the greatest sympathy and consideration. Love at first sight



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## A STRONGER ATTRACTION.

WILLY WAFFLES. — What you fellers doin' loafin' there, when they 's a circus unloading down to the depot? — 'leven elefant's an' —  
 BILLY BIDDLES and CHARLEY CHUBBS (at the knot-holes). — Aw, git out! Johnny Smith 's father 's got him out in the yard ter lick 'im!

being a usual and happy accident, the said plaintiff was justified in succumbing.

*The Poets vs. The Populace.*  
*The Novelists vs. Common-sense.*

And the said plaintiff, having so fallen in love, was not only justified, but was bound, to pursue the object of his, the said plaintiff's, affections. Even should the said plaintiff have had to surmount the most obstructive obstacles. Out of the great number of cases in which this point has been decided, I cite only the leading:

*Paris vs. Helen.*  
*Leander vs. Hero.*  
*Abelard vs. Heloise.*

These decisions have recently been reaffirmed.

*Svengali vs. Trilby.*

But the said defendant, having openly and notoriously encouraged the attentions of the said plaintiff, her, the said defendant's, refusal of the said plaintiff's offer was illegal, and should be set aside by this Court.

*The Mittened vs. The Adored.*

Even should the said defendant have been justified in refusing to marry the said plaintiff, her conduct in refusing to become engaged to him when he, the said plaintiff, first declared himself, and her, the said defendant's neglecting to jump at the chance of getting an engagement ring, was contrary to all precedent and contrary to the laws regulating Summer resorts.

*The Comic Press vs. The Suffering Public.*

For these reasons, the said appellant maintains that the decision in this suit was erroneous and unfair, and prays that the said decision may be reversed.  
 Respectfully submitted,  
 Alex. Ricketts,  
 Counsel for Appellant.



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## AN AUTHORITATIVE CRITICISM.

FIRST STOUT PARTY. — I can't see what pleasure people find in stooping over to ride.  
 SECOND STOUT PARTY. — Neither can I.

THEOLOGICALS SEEM to know more about things that can't be proved than any other class of men except romancers.



AN ALL-AROUND PLAYER.

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THE AUDIENCE (as MULVANEY goes for a hit into short right).—He'll eat that ball! Just watch him go for it!



THE AUDIENCE (with shrieks of horror).—He's slipped! He's slipped!



MULVANEY (as the ball lands on his spikes).—Judgement!  
THE UMPIRE.—OUT!

IN BROOKLYN.

CONDUCTOR.—Lucky thing for him the fender was there.  
MOTORMAN.—Not at all! That's just the reason I ran into him. I wanted to see how the thing would work.

AT NARRAGANSETT.

AMY.—How is your fiancé, the Earl, fixed for money?  
MAUD.—Over his coronet in debt, I suppose.

PUGILISTIC PUFFS.

Though we've been taught "words lead to blows,"  
From tactics now employed  
By pugilists, one might suppose,  
By words they blows avoid.

Is it because there were so many knights then that they were called the Dark Ages?

HERDSO.—What is your idea of the millennium?

SAIDSO.—A period of existence thousands of years hence, when everybody shall have become as good as I am now.

THE "HONEST PENNY" ought to command a high price with collectors of rare coins.



AN IMPROBABLE RUMOR.

JONES.—I hear that your friend Failupski is embarrassed again.

ISAACS.—May be der greditors vos; but I guess Failupski is used to id.

A PROPOSITION.

THE VICTIM.—I'd rather pay for actual results.

THE DETECTIVE.—All right. Suppose we make it twenty dollars per clue.

HE STILL HAS TO SPEND MONEY.

"You don't bring me as much candy as you used to before we were married," pouted Mrs. Darley.

"No; I have to buy your beefsteak now," replied her husband.

DEFECTIVE.

HE.—I had the impression that it was a very good dry-goods store.

SHE.—Not at all! You can scarcely get anything there, except dry-goods.

A GREAT DEAL of the wakefulness of this world is caused by the uncertainty of sure things.



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AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

MISTRESS.—Have you a stranger down there, Bridget?

BRIDGET.—N' Mum; it's Con Callahan; sure Oi knew him in th' ould country!

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Pianos are the Best.

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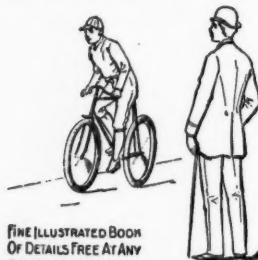
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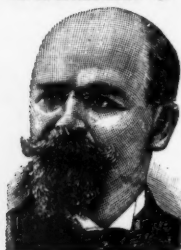
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Chewing Gum**

And a Delicious Remedy for  
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.  
Send 5c. for sample package.  
**Beeman Chemical Co.**  
27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.  
Originators of  
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

THE American flag  
now has forty-four  
stars, and the man  
who attempts to haul it  
down should be made  
to see four times that  
many.  
—Yonkers Statesman.

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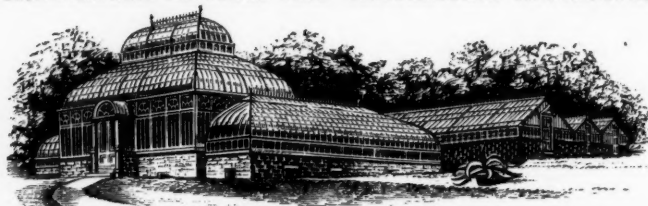
WHEN the weather  
is good for corn it is  
not good for much  
else.—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE is a good  
deal of laziness that  
goes by the name of  
sickness.—*Ram's Horn.*

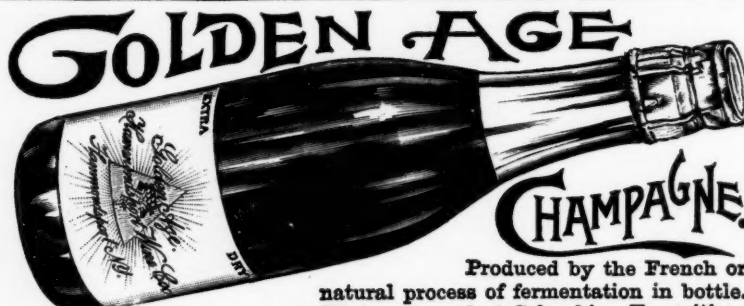
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TO A FAYRE LADYE.

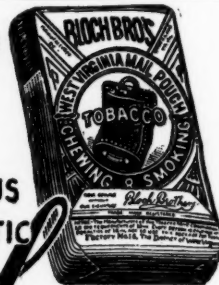
O H, LOVE, gaze not in your look-  
ing-glass,  
You make my heart despair;  
Your mirror is truthful, and, alas!  
It tells you you are fair.

Turn from your mir-  
ror, for in mine eyes  
Is your semblance  
fair reflected,  
Framed with the love  
that behind it lies—  
Far more than you  
suspected.

And I'll have no fear of  
your glass again,  
Impassive, shining there,  
For the love in my eyes will  
show you plain  
Your beauty doubly fair!  
R. L. Mc.

"BEIN' decent," said Uncle  
Eben, "is a heap sight bet-  
ter, and you doan' have ter  
make any explanations wid  
it."—*Adams Freeman.*

WHAT  
SHALL WE  
CHEW?  
**Mail**  
WHAT  
SHALL WE  
SMOKE?  
**Pouch.**



PURE  
HARMLESS  
SATISFYING

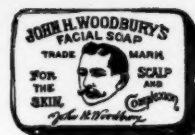
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receipt of price.  
Address: PUCK, N. Y.

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Kentucky is the color of the  
whiskey; but it does n't go  
down as easily.—*Atlanta Con-  
stitution.*

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Few  
Points  
About  
Wood-  
bury's  
Facial  
Soap  
for the  
Skin,  
Scalp  
and  
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A Pure  
Anti-  
Septic  
Soap  
for  
Daily  
Use.  
It  
Embodies,  
as Far  
as Soap  
Can,  
the  
Soothing,  
Healing,  
Preserving  
Elements  
That  
20 Years'  
Experience  
Treating  
the  
Skin  
Have  
Proven  
Most  
Beneficial.

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is prepared only under the auspices of the regu-  
lar physicians at the great John H. Woodbury  
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more than the pretty label on the empty  
can.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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CUT THIS OUT and send it to  
us with your name and address  
and we will send you this beautiful  
gold finished watch by express for  
examination. You examine it at  
the express office, and if you think  
it a bargain pay our sample price  
\$2.75, and it is yours. It is magni-  
ficently engraved and equal in  
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THE man with warped teeth has been to the base-ball game.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*


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"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "allus acks overworked, because any business at all am mo' dan dey kin ten' to."  
—*Washington Star.*

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Name  
are the



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SALLY GAY.—H'm! Cholly is a very poor conversation-alist, and—

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Liver, and all Uric  
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DON'T be a saint in church and a heathen on the street car.—*Ram's Horn.*

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### A DIPLOMATIST.

SHE.—What does  
this 16 to 1 ratio  
mean?

HE.—It means, my  
dear, that it is 16 to 1  
that a woman would  
n't understand it if it  
were explained to her.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### WHAT HE SAID.

"Bingle's wife says  
she thinks heaven  
must be something  
like Boston."

"What does Bingle  
say?"

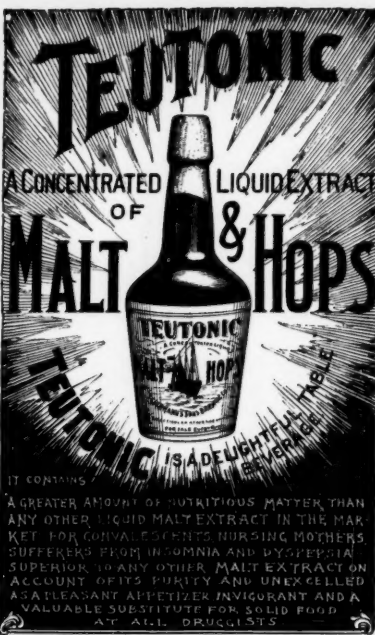
"He says he is  
tempted to become an  
agnostic."—Washington  
Star.

### A SERVANT'S TROUBLES.

MISTRESS.—Mary,  
did n't you hear the  
doorbell ring?

MARY.—Yes'm; but  
I did n't hear you an-  
swer it, Mum.—Rox-  
bury Gazette.

A MAN's best friend  
is very seldom his  
neighbor. —Atchison  
Globe.



3. LIEBMAN'S SON'S BREWING CO.  
36 FORREST ST. BROOKLYN N.Y.

### MILLIONS IN IT.

DAY.—I have a de-  
vice to increase the  
speed of cable cars.

WEEKS.—That  
won't bring you a for-  
tune; get up a scheme  
to increase the speed  
of the people who have  
to chase them.—Truth.

### A FOOL and his

money are soon part-  
ed, for the general  
good of mankind.—  
—Detroit Free Press.

Cook's Extra Dry Im-  
perial Champagne has a  
delicious aroma of the  
grapes. Its purity is un-  
doubted.

### SOME ARE IN BOTH.

BILZAB.—Where  
are you going on your  
vacation?

JAZLIN.—I'm in  
doubt. Where are you  
going?

BILZAB.—I'm in  
debt. —Roxbury Ga-  
zette.

If a man knew how  
much other people  
know about him, he  
would probably faint.  
—Atchison Globe.

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Genuine only with  
This signature in blue.

### WHEN IT OCCURRED

"Those two pug-  
lists had a lively set-  
to last night," remarked  
the sporty citizen.

"I did n't see it,"  
was the reply. "I was  
there, but I thought  
the fun was pretty  
slow."

"Oh, it was after  
that that the scrap  
occurred. They got into  
a disagreement over  
the gate receipts."—  
Washington Star.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND  
USE MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP for chil-  
dren teething. It soothes  
the child, softens the gums,  
allays all pain, cures wind-  
colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents  
a bottle.

### Irritations of the

## SKIN and SCALP

Odors from Perspiration  
Speedy Relief by Using

## Packer's Tar Soap

"Antiseptic, Soothing and Healing."  
—Medical Chronicle.

Is N'T it strange  
that the man who can  
drink or let it alone  
never does. —Ram's  
Horn.

WE wish we under-  
stood the money ques-  
tion well enough to be  
able to save up a little.  
—Atchison Globe.

To prevent any dis-  
orders of the stomach,  
or as an appetizer, use  
BOKER'S BITTERS.

LANDLADY.—How  
do you like the coffee  
this morning?  
BOARDER.—I'm  
sure it could prove an  
alibi. —Peck's Sun.

### THE GUILLESS CHINAMAN.

It is the guileless Chinaman,  
Upon his way he goes,  
With merry smile and cheek of tan  
And basketful of clothes.

He never swears, he never fights,  
He never loafs nor drinks;  
He never "stands up for his rights,"  
Or tells you what he thinks.

His terms are strictly C. O. D.,  
He asks but what 's his due;  
Don't bother him at all and he  
Will never bother you.

And oft beneath his hat you 'll see  
His plaited hair close rolled;  
He goes his way—but yet could he  
A curious tail unfold.

R. L. Mc.



To keep your digestive organs in order, get a bottle  
of the genuine Angostura Bitters, manufactured only  
by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Beer is famous,  
Pabst has made  
it so. Ask for  
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...EXTRACT  
There's substance  
to it; it's vivifying,  
life producing.  
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EST. 1857.  
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST



AT THE SEASIDE.  
He thought, as he gazed in her eyes:  
"She is dreaming a poem, I know!"  
But she suddenly said,  
(And his love—it fell dead!)  
"How far does this old ocean go?"  
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MORE ACCURATE.  
"Do you miss him much?"  
She, to the surprise of the questioner,  
smiled.  
"Not so much as I used to. Even a  
woman can learn to throw straight,  
when the distance is measured merely  
by the width of the breakfast table."  
—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

THE flagman at the railroad crossing waives  
responsibility for his company. — *Adams Freeman.*

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Cuff and Collar Button  
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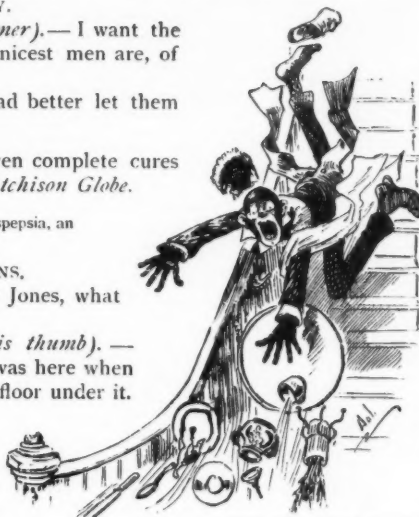
From "LIFE."

WHERE THEY STAY.  
MOTHER (arranging for the Summer).—I want the  
girls to go to some place where the nicest men are, of  
course.  
FATHER.—Then, my dear, you had better let them  
stay in town. — *Detroit Free Press.*  
HAVE you that tired feeling? Seven complete cures  
for it are advertised in this paper. — *Atchison Globe.*

ROKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an  
appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.  
STIFFKINS (a neighbor).—Hello! Jones, what  
you doin'? Laying down a carpet?  
JONES (who has just whacked his thumb).—  
No! you blasted idiot—the carpet was here when  
we moved in. I am just putting the floor under it.  
— *Truth.*

THE safety of the shade tree and  
the happiness of the Summer Girl  
both demand the downfall of the  
caterpillar. — *Washington Star.*



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durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at  
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

TWO-THIRDS of existence is made up of striving  
To hurry up things that are slow in arriving.  
— *West Union Gazette.*

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Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.  
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SUMMER RESORT CONVERSATION.  
"What do the wild waves say?" he  
said.  
The echoes seemed to mock,  
While answering, "They don't say a  
word;  
Your money has to talk."  
— *Washington Star.*

THE KING IS ABOVE THE LAW.  
OLD MR. CRUMP (slowly).—I thought  
you did n't allow any children in these  
flats!

THE LANDLORD.—Hush! don't com-  
plain so loud. That one is the janitor's!  
— *Truth.*

In these hot days, about the only place where  
comfort can be found is in the dictionary.—  
*Peck's Sun.*

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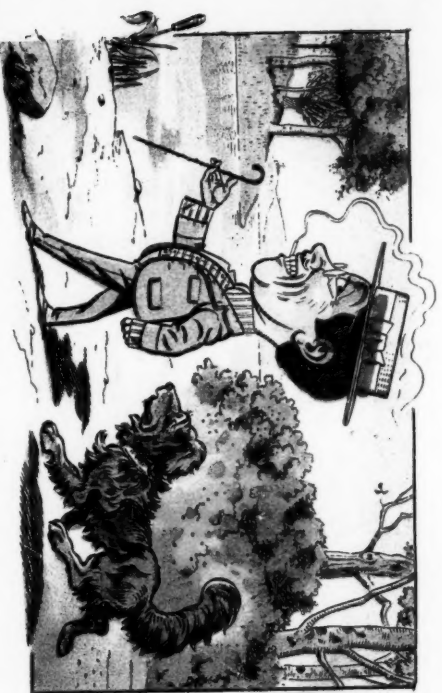
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Said young de Style, "Here's just the spot  
For a cooling dip on a day so hot."



"And you'll come, too, my faithful friend—  
Beneath the wavelets cool we'll bend."



"Come, come—you really must, you know,  
For baths are good for dogs—and so



"I'll give you one you'll not forget.  
There! How is that? You're good and wet!"



Loud laughs de Style at Rover's wrath;  
It's fun to give a dog a bath.



Then Rover shakes himself full well  
The dampness from him to expel;



And then, the faithful beast well knows  
He's got to guard his master's clothes.



Loud wails de Style; his wrath is great  
To find his clothes in such a state.



And when to bathe next time he goes,  
You bet no wet dog guards his clothes.

## THE WATERLOO OF DE STYLE.